



PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE the release of the 2009 *DIAGRAM*/NEW MICHIGAN PRESS chapbook contest winner, Ben Mirov's *I is to Vorticism*.

Bad-assed and woven of very rich thread, Mirov's debut is an awesome and highly entertaining one. Let's hear from the experts on the subject: "A recurring character in the poetry of Ben Mirov is Ben Mirov, part charming host, part self-inflicted lab experiment in a debut dedicated to demonstrating our daily, perilous transformations. These poems are sudden, agile, heart-strong, and as wonderfully unsolvable as their analogical title. Welcome to the surgical theater. You're finally going to learn how to sleep with your eyes open." —DOBBY GIBSON

Also: "These poems and parables celebrate the idea of no self, even as they sing a host of eccentric alter-egos and delightfully strange secret-identities into being. Using 'interstellar ventriloquism,' Ben Mirov is able to inhabit several worlds at once. He deftly mixes the mythic with the mundane, the literary with the cartoonish, sincerity and simulacra. The result is an impressive, often hilarious, book that truly works on many levels." —ELAINE EQUI

If you want to find out, *I is to Vorticism* is available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, at Amazon, or best, from the NMP storefront at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>.

Ben Mirov's *I is to Vorticism*. NMP, 2009. Perfect-bound, 48pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-21-9. For more information (or for bookstore orders), email New Michigan Press at <nmp@thediagram.com> or check out the website (above).

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Ben Mirov! Please send me [] copies of *I is to Vorticism* at \$9 per copy + \$2 for postage. I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to *New Michigan Press*. Please send my book(s) to:

05 JANUARY 2010

MONKEY HEART

Pick it up.
Consider it a machine.
Put it down.
Remember you need it.
Go back to where you left it.
Airport terminal, donut shop
seventh grade. Are you scared?
It's ok. So am I.
Take a wet rag. Put it on your head.
Let's retrace your steps.
Do you love your wife?
Is she made of dolphins?
I love my fucking life.
Even my secrets
and the terrible things I've done.
They're like small smooth stones
in a green plastic bottle
with no label. What were we doing?
Driving down a long dark street?
Does it feel exactly right?
Little fist that pumps the blood.
The flicker in your empty.

